NATURE'S CHILDREN

Frances E. Dunham

HV2335
.D86

M.C. MIGEL LIBRARY
AMERICAN PRINTING
HOUSE FOR THE BLIND

Mother Nature endows humanity with life in lesser groups. These younger brothers, in flocks and herds and swarms, through their short lives surround mankind, adding greatly to our enjoyment and pleasure, and respond freely to our care and love with their happy songs and calls.

Printed by Day Printing Corporation, Pomona, California

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/natureschildren00fran

PALS

Real pals we two—my sister FUZZ,
Together played—and I am BUZZ.

In our warm nest we sang all day,
No matter what the rest would say.

From babies we had learned to fly
In boundless space beneath the sky.

Our Mother Bumble took us out,
Taught the things we should know about.

Bright sunny mornings out we go,
Just spread our wings—sail to and fro.

Then after play there comes a race
To look for goodies in any place.

'Round 'n 'round we go—it's such fun,
Our wings of silk shine in the sun.

So light and free—far out in space,
We all join in a friendly chase.

Softly the balmy breezes blow,
Tossing us 'round to help us grow.

When we grew out of babyhood
We had to then bring home some food.

All day long we worked and carried
Load by load, and seldom tarried.

And the honey we took back home
Was stored for winter in the comb.

Often we grew tired and weary,
While our nest was snug and cheery.

What fun out hunting for flowers,
In among the leafy bowers.

We spied some "lovelies" that looked sweet,
To find there plenty good to eat.

What great big gorgeous bells of pink—
We went for them—what do you think?

It surely was an ideal find—
The very choicest of its kind.

Such fun to sip the nectar sweet,
Only a Bee can know that treat!

Way down deep in the fragrant cup
Took little time to lap it up.

* * *

One day when it was hot and dry,
We beezies quit our game—to "fly"—

Played "hookie" just to have a spree;
Do nothing, now to be care free.

We each chose out a place to hide—
Those bells were big and deep inside.

We crawled down in their trumpets deep,
And Fuzz right quick went sound to sleep;

In fact, was there for a whole day,
Just slept and whiled the hours away.

For in its depths so cool and dark,
It proved a dandy place to park.

I, too, crept down into a bell,
And went to sleep, too soon to tell.

When I woke up right there I found,
That I a prisoner was bound.

The flower had shut itself up tight,
Imprisoned there was I all night.

Everything so dark and quiet—
No use to leave, or even try it.

But I was safe, secure and warm,
Away from danger and all harm.

And on I slept, without a doubt
There'd be a way to get me out.

* * *

When morning came the flower woke up,
Opening wide its roomy cup.

The Sun was out early and bright,
Pouring on all his rays of light.

For then a fresh new day is born
As Sol brings life anew each morn.

Each posy lifts its sleepy head
And rises from its comfy bed.

The flow'rets open wide their eyes,
To greet the world as they arise.

When I woke up it was so bright
I started buzzing with all my might.

The swarm had missed their sister Bee—
Went flying 'round hunting for me.

Fuzzy's voice was highest of all—
She shouted loud my name in call

"Ah ha! we've found you hiding there—
We'll drive you out, so just beware."

With her I scampered out on wing,
Joined in the song the Bumbles sing.

Glad to be out, you could have guessed,
And back at work with all the rest.

With such a buzzing and a din,
I hurried out and joined right in.

* * *

Mother Bumble said it was best,
For us at home and in our nest;

Where we could all be together
No matter what kind of weather.

Our Mother Bee to us explained,
Often in days when it had rained,

Her Bee-lets to be safe and sound,
A refuge in those bells had found—

A little Bumble crept inside,
Away from danger there to hide.

For it's as snug as in our nest,
And in protection we are blest.

We're given love and lots of care
No matter when, or where we are.

The one Great Power above us all
Keeps watch of us—tho' young and small.

LITTLE DOT'S ESCAPE

At the end of this garden green
Lies a pool quiet and serene.

On the surface grow lilies white,
Their centers of gold radiantly bright.

One sunny day in early May
A water-toad moved there to stay.

In this garden shady and cool
She dived deep in the lily pool.

On the lily-pads all day through,
Sat and sunned—nothing else to do.

A lazy life it seemed to be
That she enjoyed, as we could see.

Now "PEPPY" was this fat toad's name,
She wasn't shy, nor even tame.

The place she left, as I infer—
Children threw sticks and stones at her.

Here she was happy as a lark,
Just sang and croaked from morn till dark.

The days went fast, and one bright morn
Found three cute toadsters had been born.

These three wee baby toads she got—
TEENTZIE, WEENTZIE and little DOT.

They quickly learned to jump and hop,
And—Swish! down deep they went kerflop!

They stirred and churned the big pond up,
Hopped in and out each lily-cup.

They croaked and droned in merry rhyme,
Having a jolly good old time.

Jumped all around with utmost grace,
In fact, they seemed to own the place.

When things came by to give them fright,
They quickly ducked down out of sight.

* * *

Now, it so happened a cat lived there—
Of this big puss were not aware.

Upon the scene gray Malty stalked,
Pussy-footing as he walked.

Stealthily he crept so quiet,
Had they heard, there'd been a riot.

On down he crept without a sound,
Then to the edge with just one bound.

Out on a leaf sat DOT so pert—
Malty's trick was to be alert.

With one long swipe he grabbed the toad.
Back to his bench he dragged his load.

Poor DOT, 'most scared out of his wits,
Had visions he'd be chewed to bits.

The cat was big and he so small—
Not much of any chance at all.

Peppy jumped to the other side,
So frightened—almost petrified.

Down to the bottom dropped Teentzie,
Behind her mother crouched Weentzie.

They all were struck with sudden fright,
For DOTTIE to meet that sad plight.

Now, Malty of his prize felt proud,
Gave gulps and gurgles right out loud.

The victim clamped between his jaws,
Poor DOT was fast inside those paws.

But Malty hadn't gauged his prize—
Toads were bigger than bugs or flies.

The slimy prize was hard to hold,
The meat on DOT was tough and cold.

DOT wiggled free with one big bound,
In three big jumps he hit the ground.

And in surprise, Malt stood there dazed,
After his victim, looked and gazed.

His hunting there now poor at best,
No longer would he be their pest.

With DOTTIE back, the scare soon passed,
Life was resumed, serene at last

So, after this, they all lived long,
And, other toads to them belong.

THE HUMMERS

Now, Spring had come in so balmy and warm,
With everything lovely down on the farm.

The air resounding in music and song,
The feathered creatures all helped it along.

Dainty MISS RUBY perched out on a limb,
Chuck full of solos—was full to the brim.

From first rays at dawn till right up to dark,
Happy and cheerful, she sang like a lark.

Her music so soft and tender and sweet,
Was heard by her cousin she chanced to meet.

And HUMMER, the cousin, with it was thrilled,
Joined in the chorus, and how they both trilled.

Oft nodding to him a shy little glance—
So, right there at once began a romance.

These meetings, many—they twittered and sang,
Then all of a sudden wedding bells rang.

* * *

So, already dressed in her new spring gown—
In shades of light gray—with cap gold-and-brown.

The vest iridescent—yellow and green,
Out in the sun had a dazzling sheen.

A jewel of ruby worn at her throat,
And wings whirring softly kept her afloat.

She was without doubt the prettiest bride
The Spring produced in the whole country-side.

The honeymoon lasted all of a week,
Then they started to build down by the creek.

They went at their nest as busy as bees,
It hung like a pocket in the tall trees;

And slowly they built and finished the nest,
From soft pretty stuff selected the best.

With coatings of down 'twas covered and lined,
And deftly with strings and hair intertwined.

When one, then another, wee eggs in the nest,
These tiny blue pellets—light blue, you have guessed.

Ruby watched closely—over it hovered,
She kept them at night warm and well-covered.

* * *

The days went by quickly, and then she heard
The tiny faint voice of a young baby bird.

Daddy and Mama kept bringing them food,
Worked hard all day long supplying their brood.

They sure ate so much and grew up so fast
The nest was quite small—too crowded at last.

These small fluffy babies perched on the brim,
To go any further looked mighty slim.

They sat on the side too timid to fly,
Till Ruby just shoved them and made them try.

At first they fluttered so awkward and dazed,
But soon learned the tricks of humming-bird ways.

Alert in her efforts, taught them her song,
Coaxing her babies to follow along.

* * *

But now they're 'most grown, on wing all the day,
Lively and happy—and, oh, very gay.

They come like a flash, then off on the wing,
A ray of bright sunshine they always bring.

Of shimmering hue, their bright colored coat
They wing thru the air and seemingly float,

Poking long slender bills deep in the flowers,
We find them at work thru many long hours.

Always happy and gay, 'round looking for food,
They teach us a lesson for our own good.